

# The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. C. ANSLOW,

Vol. XX.—No. 28.

Our Country with its United Interests.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, April 27, 1887.

Whole No. 1016.

## I THOUGHT SO.

BUSINESS BOOMING.

MY NEW STAND A GREAT SUCCESS.

Now ready for inspection, the largest and best assortment of DRY GOODS AND FURNITURE in the county and CHEAP, VERY CHEAP.

11 New Bedroom Sets,

4 New Parlor Sets,

Beds, single, \$2.15, double \$2.30.  
Iron 4.75, 6.00.  
Baby Carriages from \$8.00 up.  
What Nots, Lounges, Chairs, Tables, Spring Beds, Mattresses, Bolsters, Pillows.

TOILET TABLES,

Sinks, Washstands and Bureaus,

DRY GOODS, &c.

The best and cheapest store in town for all kinds of Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattings, Rugs and Mats,

OPAQUE WINDOW SHADES,

with or without fancy border, cut and made to fit any window and at very low prices; Grey and White Cottons, Prints and Ginghams, Secured, (both for men and boys) wear 48c., all wool: Dress Goods, a magnificent stock,

Ladies' and Children's Hats,

the very latest styles.

Men's White Shirts from 75c.

"Colored" 50c.

And an immense stock of all kinds of DRY GOODS.

To parties intending to refurnish or commence housekeeping I invite inspection.

Always willing to show my stock.

B. FAIRY,

Hay's Building, Newcastle.

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M. ADAMS,

Barrister & Attorney at Law,

Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.

Real Estate & Fire Insurance Agent.

CLAIMS collected in all parts of the Dominion.

Office—NEWCASTLE, N. B.

PHOENIX Fire Insurance Co.,

OF LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1792.

LOSSES PAID over \$15,000,000.

INSURANCE EXPEDITED AT REASONABLE RATES.

LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.

W. A. FARE, Agent.

Newcastle, 10th Dec. 1886.

L. J. TWEEDIE,

ATTORNEY & BARRISTER

AT LAW.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CONVEYANCER, &c.,

Chatham.

OFFICE Old Bank Montreal.

JOHN MCALISTER,

Barrister & Attorney at Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Conveyancer, &c.,

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

May 7, 1886.

WILLIAM MURRAY,

Barrister & Attorney at Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Conveyancer, &c.,

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

OFFICE—MURRAY'S BUILDING, WATER STREET.

May 1, 1886.

J. D. PHINNEY,

Barrister & Attorney at Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,

RICHMOND, N. B.

OFFICE—COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

May 9, 1884.

GEORGE STABLES,

Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

Goods of all kinds handled on Commission, and prompt returns made.

Will attend to Auctions in Town and Country in a satisfactory manner.

Newcastle, Aug. 11, '85.

F. L. PROULIN, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

OFFICE at house formerly occupied by M. O. Thompson.

OFFICE HOURS from 9 to 12 a.m., 1 to 6 p.m., 7 to 10 p.m.

Feb. 1885.

O. J. MACCULLY, M.A., M.D.,

Mem. Roy. Col. Surg., London,

SPECIALIST,

DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.

Office: Cor. Church and Main St., Montreal.

Newcastle, Nov. 12, '85.

## The First Sign

OF FALLING HEALTH, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the debilitated system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Falling Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D., S. M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. Today my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 383 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price 50¢; six bottles, \$5.

SOLE PROPRIETORS,

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,

YARMOUTH, N. S.

It is an invaluable Hair Renewer and cleanses the Scalp of all Dandruff.

ANOTHER PROOF.

GENTS.—In February last I took a severe cold, which settled in my back and kidneys, causing great pain. After using several preparations and being without sleep four nights I was induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I had not used it more than a few days when I felt a great relief. I continued to use it until I felt a complete recovery. I can now say that I am well and strong as ever.

JOHN S. McLEOD, Elm House, Laurencetown, N. S.

MIRAMICHI STEAM BRICK WORKS.

The subscriber announces that he is now carrying on the business of

BRICK MANUFACTURING

on an extensive scale, and has now all kinds of

150,000 BRICK

which will be disposed of at low rates. The makers are located near a siding of the International Railway. All orders attended to promptly. Brick delivered by a. c. cars, or at wharf.

Address all orders to

G. A. & H. F. FLETCHER,

Nelson, Miramichi, N. B., Oct. 30, '85.

SCHOOL FURNITURE.

Don't encourage Home manufacture unless you can save money. You can do so by purchasing your

SCHOOL DESKS,

ETC.,

CASPIDY'S RASH AND DOOK Factory, Chatham.

The Desk I make is neat and desk combined, and is offered to School Trustees at a price 10% lower in price than the same article can be purchased for.

Sample to be seen at the Factory.

GEORGE CASPIDY.

Chatham, Jan'y 30, 1886.

MONEY

to be made. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you a free sample of our new and improved money.

Importance to you, that will start right away from anything else in the world. And one can do the work and live at home. Either all ages. Something new, that just comes money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the genuine, important changes of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand opportunity. Address: Fair & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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## Selected Literature.

FOR LOVE, NOT RICHES.

"Twas a bright, lovely, life-giving morning in June.

The fast express train speeding through some of the loveliest New England scenery was carrying Millie Mayhew home to spend the summer vacation. Two gushing young ladies occupied a seat quite near Millie, and a very plainly dressed, silent young gentleman occupied the seat beside her.

The coach having been somewhat crowded when she had entered he had kindly offered to share his seat with her.

From the conversation of the young ladies, which they unavoidably overheard, the silent couple learned that they were on the way to visit an aunt who lived in the village adjoining Millie's home.

"I think I shall be delighted with the place," commented one of the young ladies.

"Oh, no doubt about that, providing you find that perfectly charming place—Laurel Grove—coming into your possession," tauntingly retorted the other.

"Now, Kate Vane, you know that you are afraid that you won't succeed in catching John Fletcher yourself."

"Oh, come now, sister Rita, you need not fly off like that. You know I'm not the least bit jealous. I am only going to try to outshine you, to pay you off for some of the mean tricks you have played on me. I think I'd not want to marry that horrid old rake, Lefe Armstrong, just that he is awful fast; a reckless spendthrift, and extravagantly fond of gambling." Kate informed her sister.

"What do I care for that Lefe Armstrong says? You know a man is expected to leave off some of his fast habits and settle down when he marries."

"Oh, I hope he is handsome, gallant and all that," exclaimed Rita, betraying a strange mingling of vexation and interest.

The above conversation was carried on in boarding-school French, and just at this point Millie leaned over their seat, and in the same delicate addressed them.

"Parlon me, ladies, but permit me to inform you that you have been misinformed with regard to Mr. Fletcher's character. And don't you think that it would be more prudent, not to say charitable, not to make comments so publicly on persons to whom you are strangers evidently."

"What is the gentleman to you?" discreetly inquired Lefe Armstrong.

"A very near neighbor, Miss," with a laugh that had something like mischief in it, which a close observer might have noticed.

This remark had the effect of a cold-water drench on the spirits of the fair schemers. They sat in silence until the train reached the next station, where they abruptly left the coach.

"Then you are a neighbor of this wonderful Mr. Fletcher?" asked the hitherto silent gentleman beside Millie.

"Perhaps you are able to give me a little information with regard to him, that may benefit me."

"Me? Oh, no! I—I don't mind telling you, though; you look honest. I have not the honor of that worthy gentleman's acquaintance, and know but a little about him as you do, perhaps. I only know that years and years ago he purchased Laurel Grove, and has never lived there, yet he has it improved wonderfully, and it is a most delightful place. I wish it were my home."

"Then may I inquire why you so valiantly defended one who is an entire stranger to you?"

"Oh, the truth is—and I may as well own it—I don't like the style of those girls, and the—I suppose rather ungracious—desire to rub their vanity and behold their chagrin become irresistible. He may be all they picture him; but I don't believe it," decidedly.

"And why don't you believe it?"

"Well, he is a cousin or something to the Vanderzans, of Stafford—people of culture, refinement and of high standing in society—and they speak of him in the highest terms, papa says."

"In that case you might imagine those other ladies and gain the Laurels for a home, quizzically."

"Oh, mercy! no! I could never do that!" blushing, and looking a little confused for a moment.

"Why not? Don't you think you are pretty enough?" with mirth in his deep, resonant voice.

"No, not that. I did not think of that. But then, I'm not so very horrid looking, am I?" with a saucy witchery in her manner.

"Oh, no, I think you are quite pretty,"

"Well, that settles that point, then. But do you know that, although I like to be pretty, I don't as much care for a pretty face as for a beautiful heart?"

"A heart that is so beautiful as yours?"

"Beauty of the face or form may vanish, but that of the heart never will, and will continue to grow as long as we cultivate it," quizzically.

Her companion looked a little puzzled, and silence reigned for some moments; then she continued: "I could never marry a handsome man if he were not a good, too. Besides, I abhor old bachelors—the reason I could not think of marrying the owner of the Laurels. He must be pretty old now. I was only six when

he was here. Oh, my! I would rather marry his gardener or steward, if he were a nice young man, and I loved him."

"That is strange. Yet I am glad you said that. But do you not think that would be a misalliance?" questioned he, while just the suspicion of a twinkle lurked in the depths of his dark eyes.

"What is strange? That I would rather marry a nice poor man because he is young and I loved him? Of course it would not be a misalliance if he were worthy."

"No, not just that. I should have said the coincidence is strange; I am the steward of the Laurels."

"Oh!" and she broke out into a low, merry, silvery laugh, while a faint flush overspread her face.

"Then we are to be neighbors," she remarked, interestedly.

"Yes, I am happy to know."

"Well, if we are to be neighbors, I suppose we may as well be friends and know each other's names," suggested she, blithely.

"As you please; I'm sure I should be most happily honored by such an arrangement. They call me Jack Moses," he politely replied, with an amused twinkle in his eyes, and a pleased expression overcame his strong, handsome, intelligent face.

"And they call me 'Madcap Millie'; but then I was christened Millie. My father is Col. Mayhew, of Rock-More Hall," responded Millie, with a very elegant air, and then continued: "Now, I suppose we are properly introduced; drawing her face and form into the apishness of primness, at which her companion could not repress a very broad smile indeed."

Casting a shy glance at him, she caught the amused smile and compressed her lips in mock staidness.

For a moment smiles and dimples played at hide-and-seek over her fair, childish face.

The impulse was too strong, and again she broke into rippling, musical laughter, and turning on him, with pretended sternness, she demanded:

"Now, what are you laughing at? I don't see you have spoiled my air of propriety?"

Suddenly, as if a new idea had struck her, she exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Moses, you must know Mr. Fletcher, and can tell me something about him?" with a pretty, modest eagerness.

"Unfortunately I cannot give you the information desired, Miss Mayhew, having never met the gentleman."

"And you his steward," with astonishment in her expression.

"I was engaged through his trusty agent," he quietly replied.

"Now," thought Millie, "I must be a little more decorous or I will disgust him with my hoydenish manners."

For three hours they chatted almost like old friends; and the morning that Millie had expected would drag so heavily had passed very pleasantly indeed, and before she could believe it they were at their destination.

By this time Millie had settled in her mind that Jack Moses was quite a nice young man; much nicer in fact than the owner of the Laurels could be.

He assisted her in getting off of the train. Then she, leaving Jack to follow at his leisure with the handbags and bundles, rushed across the platform at her brother Aaron, whom she discovered there awaiting her arrival.

"Well, Mad, I see you have as much life as ever. But don't live off my nose!" protested Aaron, playfully holding her off with one hand, while with the other he vigorously rubbed the spot she had kissed.